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HAMILTON NEWS

NOVEMBER 25, 1942

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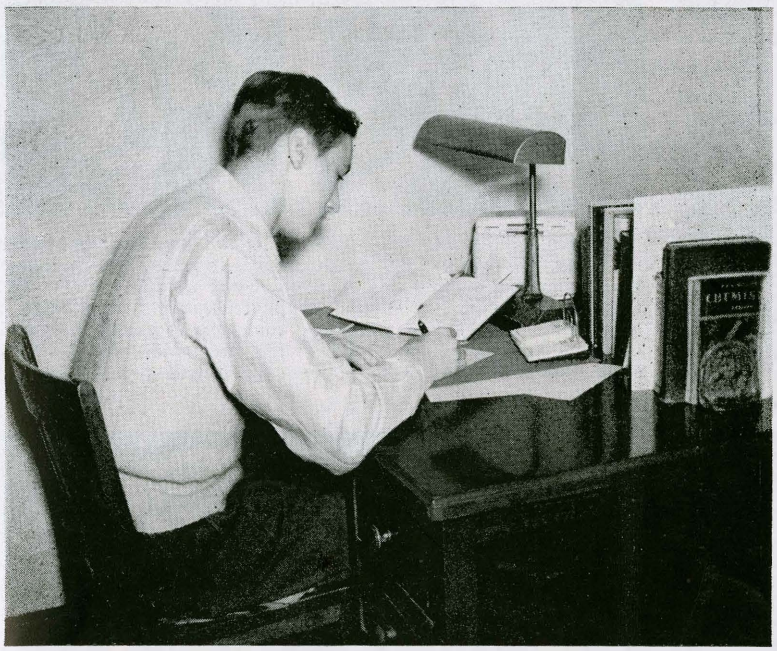

Class cut regulations and transportation difficulties are forcing most of Hamilton's students to remain on College Hill over the Thanksgiving holiday. Many will spend the day completing assignments for Friday and Saturday classes or catching up on correspondence. Pictured above is freshman John C. Swartz, taking time out from a math assignment to write a letter home — and also to wish he were there.
(Photo by William W. Laurence, '46, Staff Cameraman)

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Magazine Section

MISSION COMPLETED

By Jack Smothers

"Listen, soldier...'Pink Tooth Brush' means—

You better put your Gums in Training, Too!"

"O.K.—so you're America's gift to the army. But ignore 'pink tooth brush,' me bucko, and it's taps they'll be blowing over that elegant smile. Big as you are, the Colonel's youngster makes more sense. One day he says to me—

" 'O'Reilley,' says he, 'we have drills in class!' 'Drills is it,' says I. 'Sure,' says he, 'regular drills in gum massage. Soft, modern foods rob gums of work. They need extra stimulation. Ipana and massage, O'Reilley—that's the ticket'."

"Then the Colonel's lady joined in. 'Teddie's right,' says she. 'The dentist will tell you teeth are brighter, smiles gain sparkle when gums are firm and healthy'." (Recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

"Sergeant, you and the post dentist see tooth to tooth. Ipana and massage—that's my homework—every day. It's a grand taste Ipana has—and my teeth are sparkling. And that stimulating 'tingle' when I massage my gums—Sergeant, that's the pay-off."

And by the time the recruit looked at home in a uniform—

"What's brightened my smile, Sugarface? Just this. After you ditched me for that smooth corporal at the last hop I had to do something. The sergeant and the post dentist set me straight when they tipped me off about Ipana and massage. I'm still out to win those bars for my shoulder straps but until I have them, this smile of mine must do double duty."

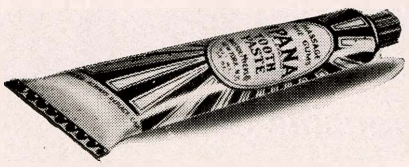
Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

WHEN you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist*. It may not mean you are in for trouble, but let him decide.

He may tell you that our modern foods are to blame. Being soft and creamy, they rob gums of vigorous chewing—tend to make them sensitive, weak. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed to do two important things: (1) it cleans the teeth thoroughly and (2) with massage, it promotes better health of the gums. So each time you brush your teeth, be sure to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Start now, with Ipana and massage, toward firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!



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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Volume I

No. 8

Hamiltonews

The First College News Magazine

NOVEMBER 25, 1942

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* * HAMILTON AND THE WAR * *

Hamilton's Part In Nation's War Program Virtually Assured

Cowley Reports Impressions Garnered During Washington Conferences Last Week

That Hamilton College is about to lose most of its resemblence to a peacetime college is now certain, judging from announcements made in chapel last Monday.

President William H. Cowley, returning from several days in Washington, where he is working on the committee representing in government circles the interests of higher education, brought the long-awaited news that Hamilton will, in his opinion, be in any program the army or navy may set up among the nation's colleges and universities.

"There are four points concerning the army and navy intentions about which we may be fairly certain," asserted Dr. Cowley. "The first is that Hamilton, in my judgement, is slated to be one of those institutions which will become virtually military camps. No one has decided whether the army or navy program, or both, will be instituted here. We hope to have both, but the size of the college may preclude that possibility."

Everybody In Uniform

"Another point that Hamilton students may almost surely depend on," the president continued, "is that, when the army or navy takes over, military discipline and routine will be enforced. Everyone will be in uniform and be paid regular serviceman's pay. Part of their salaries will probably be in war bonds or stamps, but this will work no hardship on the 'student body' already restricted by revielle, taps, military drill, and strict barracks inspection and discipline."

Dr. Cowley's third statement was that the curriculum will be restricted by military officials. How it will be restricted and to what subjects is not yet definitely known. Mathematics, physics, English composition, American history, and possibly a foreign language will form the nucleus of the curriculum. Dr. Cowley has already informed the faculty that the regular liberal arts program for 4F men and for students under 18 will be continued as usual. "Washington," he said, " has no control over these matters."

An obvious development in the situation is that the Selective Service System will now move with "great rapidity", President Cowley further stated. All those men who are not enlisted reserves and who are classified as available for duty will be taken, in his opinion, at least by January or soon thereafter. The President stated that the 18-19 draft law would mean that the majority of students now in college will be subject to immediate call, but that the college will ask for sixty day deferments in order to allow everyone to finish the present semester.

Questions Yet To Be Answered

"Colleges throughout the country," he continued, are awaiting the answers to two main questions before they can know definitely their position."' The first is the number of students to be allotted to each college. The second question is "when will the new program start?" Matters are fairly well settled as to what kind of life the wartime student will lead, but nothing can be said as to when the army or the navy will institute their programs or whether such programs will be instituted simultaneously all over the country.

"Generally," said President Cowley, "the navy seems to be more cooperative and willing to understand the problems of the colleges than the army, but since each is formulating its own program, each will have to be dealt with separately.

Advises Awaiting Development

Hamilton's President reiterated his oft-repeated advice to students to await developments before making any moves. Enlistment in a reserve," he stated, "seems to be desireable." Although he warned that some students enlisted in certain reserves might have to transfer to some other college, since Hamilton may not have both army and navy programs, Dr. Cowley still stressed the desirability of everyone's trying to make some reserve enlistment.

By way of further advice, President Cowley added, "The attitude of the army is ample argument that students must keep to their jobs and do them effectively. Military status within each man's particular service will depend upon the grades he has attained and the habits he has acquired. Because you go to camp for fifteen weeks does not mean that you will come back. You have to show you're worth the privilege."

Many Hamilton students are preparing to take physical examinations for one of the reserves in the near future. Sixty-three students intend to try the E. R. C., 49 the Navy V-1, 15 the Air Corps, 10 the Marines, and nine the Navy V-7. A.H.O.

Fighting Frenchman Addresses College

Whereas too often within the past three years our only contact with the hub-bub of the outside world has been through our radios and newspapers, Prof. Michael Heilperin and the International Relations Club brought to the Hill last week Dr. Etienne Mantoux, a Frenchman who is soon to become a Fighting Frenchman.

Though a young man, Dr. Mantoux has long been a friend of Prof. Heielperin. He studied economics in Paris and continued his studies in London, where he learned faultless English. He served as an officer in the French Army until the armistice was signed on which day he left France with some of his men to continue fighting elsewhere. This body tried to persuade a section of the French Navy to fight on with them, but the sailors chose to obey the commands of Vichy. Following expicitly orders from Paris had long been a feature of French Army-Navy discipline.

Since Dr. Mantoux left France, he has published a book on **"Forced Savings".** In the summer of 1941 he came to the United States and through a fellowship from the Rockefeller Foundation and he has done some advanced study at Princeton.

On the Hill on Wednesday morning, Dr. Mantoux delivered a talk in Chapel and in the evening spoke before members of the International Relations Club and friends that crowded South Lounge. Dr. Mantoux gave a very carefully drawn picture of the geography and history of Northern Africa.

On Thursday morning in Prof. Heilperin's Political Science 5, Dr. Mantoux lectured on the "Balance of Power". After the war he hopes to conduct classes in his own right in France.

Dr. Mantoux is but one of several speakers that the International Relations Club expects to bring to the Hill. E.E.H.

Hill Now Deep In War Effort

By John E. M. Tobin, '45

The position of college men in regards to military service has been an awkward one ever since the Selective Service Act was passed. Today, more than ever before, questions are being asked about the value of the college and its students in the war effort. This has been especially true of liberal arts colleges like Hamilton.

However, the Hamilton man has a better case for himself and for his college than the average student, because he and his college are contributing a great deal towards the winning of the war — more so than most colleges. As President Cowley said in his opening day address, "the seriousness of purpose, the complete readiness to contribute without stint to the defeat of the Axis", are our fundamentel attitudes towards the war. Let us see what the college is doing to win the war, how its seriousness of purpose, and its readiness to contribute without stint have affected its normal ways.

Perhaps most students think first of the wartime P.T. program. There, certainly, great changes have been made. They are much greater than the mere installation of a "Commando Course"; that is but one feature of the program. The whole goal of the program has been revised. For example, it was, in peacetime, the goal of the physical education department that every man leaving Hamilton should take with him a fundamental knowledge and fair skill in golf, tennis, swimming, ice-skating, squash, and other games. We received good instruction in all these sports, and we were encouraged to use the fine facilities available for practice in them. Today, all that has changed. Instead of tennis and golf, we learn speedball, do calisthenics work out on the obstacle course; we learn boxing, wrestling, Judo, instead of squash and badminton. The emphasis is on contact sports — on means of developing muscles and learning self-defense. Instead of learning to swim in man-made pools we are learning to be able to swim distances; the emphasis is as much on stamina and body-building as it is on form. We are training for war.

In the classrooms, the war has caused great changes. There are four different sections of Physics 1-2, each one filled to capacity, instead of the smaller groups of other years. The mathematics department has changed its courses where necessary in order to meet the needs of the armed forces for trained men. Altogether, more men are taking science and math courses today than in any previous period in Hamilton history and these courses are designed for war use. Professors, especially in these two fields, are overburdened with work. The groups of air cadets who come here receive the best instruction Hamilton can give them in meteorology, physics, mathmatics. They are given the use of the gymnasium, and they get an excellent basic course which gives them a head start in the body-building activities of the army and navy.

The students themselves are doing a great deal. More than one hundred were enlisted in some reserve group when college opened this fall. Many more will enlist, next week-end, when the joint recruiting board comes to the college. The students have changed their courses of study to meet wartime requirements. They study mathematics and the sciences in ever-increasing numbers. Thanks to Mr. Fling, and to WHC, Hamilton men are also being given an opportunity to learn the wireless code, and great numbers of them are doing so.

Hamilton students and faculty have taken over the civilian defense of the campus. Volunteer air raid wardens have received training in all phases of civilian defense, have received valuable instruction in first aid. They form a trained body of men, ready to meet any emergency. The airplane spotting station in Clinton is manned partially by Hamilton students and faculty. (See **Hamiltonews** of Oct. 22.)

In our studying then, in our courses, in our recreation and our sports we men of Hamilton have demonstrated to the nation that we are ready to do our part. When we are called to service, we go gladly; if we are allowed to stay in college, we train ourselves both for the war which we must win, and the peace we must keep. Hamilton is doing its bit.

J. W. Delahunt

Clinton, N. Y.

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INGRAM'S

shaving cream

MISSION COMPLETED

A strange story of the war, as enigmatic as war itself. We would like to know what you think of this tale when you have read it.

It was one of those August evenings rare for England—clear, sharp, with a hint of Fall in the air that swept across the English Channel. The town of Hastings was dark, for this was 1942, and all lights had been extinguished these many months.

After careful planning, the decision had been made. In one hour the Dieppe show would begin. I was an American correspondent in England, assigned by my home paper to cover the affair. There was no man in the temporary camp that night who didn't feel fear, however carefully concealed, that he wouldn't return. I felt it, sitting in a concrete shelter, trying to finish my article on the Dieppe raid for my home paper ahead of time, *just in case*. Above the metallic, business-like click of the typewriter keys, I heard the low sobbing of a man in the adjoining compartment. "That's probably Ralph", I thought. "He's taking it pretty hard, poor chap".

I tip-toed in to have a look at him. He was sitting on the edge of his cot, covering his face with his long, trembling hands.

"Look here, Ralph; this is no way to behave. We're all facing the same thing, and it's just as hard for all of us". He looked up suddenly, and spoke with a husky, strained voice.

"God, Carl, this is such a rotten, beastly thing. Man killing man, breeding hate, destroying love. God, why was I born into such days! Reaching under his pillow, he pulled out a bottle, and took a long drag.

"I'm not yellow, Carl. You know I'm not, don't you? It's just...., oh, I don't know. Carl, have you ever read Plato?" I laughed, and spat on the floor.

"I got my education on 42nd Street; no time for that guy."

"Well, a line from Protagoras keeps coming back to me, and it goes something like this:" I hummed softly in the background as he whispered, " 'The life above all others which man should live is in contemplation of beauty absolute.' Carl, how can I lead that life in the midst of this awful massacre?" I sat down beside him, looking at him for a few moments, wondering what a grizzled old "Front Page man" like myself could say to comfort this kid, nineteen, and a private in the English army.

"Listen, fellow, I don't know about that idea of Plato's; it's not a part of my philosophy. Well, we're not fighting just to kill, and maybe be killed. We're fighting so John can read the book he likes, and go playing in the park. Yes, and that goes for all the Jeans, and Johannes, and Giovannis too. I don't know; maybe your answer is waiting for you in Dieppe, Ralph." He smiled bravely through his tears.

"Come on", I said, "get your gear packed. We got to push off." He stood up, and squeezed my arm.

"Thanks, Carl; I'm all right now."

"All right? You're the best there is. Here, take this German dictionary. You may need it before long!" I stopped in my chamber just long enough to knock out the final paragraphs of an article, and then escaped into the shielding blackness outside. I didn't worry about Ralph; he'd show his guts when the time came.

Overhead passed wave upon wave of Lancaster and Stirling bombers, on their way to bomb Dieppe in preparation for the infantry offensive. Only their fleeting wing-lights were visible as they roared through the night like a herd of England's guardian lions, rushing to meet the enemy.

God, I wanted a cigarette. I stuck a stick of gum in my mouth instead, and after pulling up the collar of my gabardine tunic, I hurried off to the beach from whence came muffled orders and the occasional blue gleam of a flashlight. Like a shadowy vision, I saw the harbor, packed with ships— rows of steel barges in the foreground, rows of small, coastwise steamers beyond. A moment later, Ralph, carrying a load of books and my typewriter, approached. He set the typewriter down by my side.

"What are you going to do with all those books, Ralph?"

"Words are weapons, Carl; see you in Dieppe!" I climbed into one of the barges right after him, and in a few seconds we had shoved off. The night was so dark, and the barge was so jammed with soldiers and materiel, that I couldn't follow him. Muttering "woman with a baby", I got enough deck space so that I could sit down, and set my typewriter in front of me.

By the time we had picked up our convoy outside the harbor, I had finished, thanks to the calm sea and the touch system, the first thirty pages of my book, soon to be published, "Fall Of France Or New Spring?". The rest of the soldiers began to sing "Doing the Lambeth Walk", and every time they came to the word "doing", the clown of the group stepped on my hand, which of course made all of the keys hit the paper at once. This misfortune will account for what some of you may call incomprehensible political analysis when you read the book. After three choruses, I gave up, and forced my way to the rear of the barge. As a few, faint streaks of light gave promise of the approaching dawn, I saw a figure hunched over the back of the barge. I crept closer, and noticed that he was quietly emptying the ammunition out of the boxes, into the ocean. Good God, it was Ralph.

"Ralph, what in the devil's name are you doing?" He turned slowly around, pointing to one of the empty boxes.

"Look, Carl; I get rid of the ammunition, and put one of my books in the box." I grabbed his wrist, and the book he was holding clattered to the deck.

"Now, you listen to me...."

(*Continued on next page*)

'No, I'm going to tell you something. Carl, in a short while we land on the beach at Dieppe. I am not going to have my countrymen become animals, crazed with the lust for slaughter. When they open a box, they pull out a book, maybe a copy of the Bible, or Wordsworth, or even Schopenhauer. If they read but a few pages, do you think they'll fight? I think not." I picked up a volume, and struck him on the head with it. He fell, unconscious. I dragged him away from the rear, then dumped all the books and empty boxes overboard so that it would appear that this barge had been given short supplies. I returned to Ralph.

Ten minutes later, as he started to regain consciousness, the whole channel became a noisy, blazing, hell. It was quite light now, and the morning sky was slashed with raging, sweeping, planes — English and Nazi. About a half-mile ahead, I could see the wide, white beach, covered with wound barbed wire, like curls of shiney, glossy, grey hair on the pale forehead of an old woman — only not so shiny and more tangled than hair could ever be. From the city beyond, puffs of smoke billowed out over the promenade.

Ralph was standing now, jerking his head from side to side until he had shaken off his dizziness. It was too noisy to hear him, but by watching his lips I understood him to say that he'd conduct himself like a soldier from now on. Our landing cannot be described to those who haven't withstood such an experience. I'm not writing a thriller account for the folks back home. We landed.

I jumped out of the boat, and prostrated myself on the sand. Then I slowly dragged along on my belly, crawling under an arched section of the barbed wire. My plan was to get to a place of comparative safety where I could watch and record the whole show. I had lost Ralph; he was on his own now. I veered forward and to the right, trying to get off of the wide, exposed beach. Finally, I reached the first row of buildings. No, not buildings, but the best goddam protection I have ever found.

I raced from one doorway to another, not daring to tempt fate by looking around. After forty minutes or so, I reached the last building of the line, one that bordered a stream. There was a drawbridge across it, and I recognised at once where I was. On the other side, I could see the suburb of Le Pollet, a town inhabited by sailors and fishermen. I raced across the lowered bridge. Bullets whizzed close by. Snipers. I dashed through a doorway, into a secluded garden of the "Cafe Vigneau", just off a street.

"My God, Ralph!" He was seated at a round, wooden table. He had evidently drunk about a dozen rounds of Vermouth and water, judging by the empty glasses and the pile of four franc saucers on the table.

"Hello, Carl; watch this." He picked up a saucer, and hurled it over the bushes. "Bang!", went an unseen rifle, and the saucer shattered in mid-air.

"Don't look so amazed, Carl. I knew I was right. These Nazis have a splendid sporting spirit. We're having a grand time playing this little game. They hardly ever miss." He threw another saucer. "Bang!"

This was the most fiendish match of clay pigeon shooting that the devil himself could devise, and I noticed that each time Ralph threw one of his "pigeons", it was hit a little closer to him. I leaned over the table, and spoke to him as cooly as could.

"Now, pay attention. Crawl under the table, keep still, and wait for me to get back."

"Carl, you're deluded. Distrusting others, such as people like you do, is the cause of this carnage. I treat these men, wherever they are, as brothers — almost playmates — and they respond like human beings." Talking to him was useless. I decided to go back towards Dieppe, to get someone who could help me restrain Ralph, and get him safely back to a barge. He hurled another saucer; I ran out. Just as I did, I heard a shot and a scream, more of disappointment than of pain, from Ralph, and got back to see Ralph slumped over the table, the aubergiste jumping around, shouting, "Il est blessé! Il est mort!" I throttled the hysteria out of him.

"Tache-toi! Get of the cognac, of the towels, and of the water hot!" Before he had disappeared into a side door, I had propped Ralph up in his chair. A dark red circle widened rapidly just above his heart. Ralph opened his eyes, and after swallowing with difficulty, spoke.

"This is it, Carl. This is mine. Looks like my friends were kind of false, doesn't it?"

"I'm afraid so, Ralph."

"Remember when you said my answer might be in Dieppe? I found that answer on a street in Le Pollet. Please, Carl, look at what's in my lap." I looked. It was a shivering little kitten Ralph had rescued from the street.

JACK SMOTHERS

NEWS REPORT

Cologne in flames; three subs are sunk;
A homesick sailor in his bunk
Is blown to bits. *Who made this so?*

Europe with no food to eat;
Half a million weary feet
Plod through the mud. *Who made this so?*

A nation gives its wealth to war
Which only twenty years before
Tore up the earth! *Who made this so?*

This can't be blamed upon one man
Because no single brain could plan
Such wholesale Hell. *Who made this so?*

RICHARD FARR

Conclusion

The Countess Of Sandpit Center

A strange Frenchman comes to Sandpit Center, to see the lovely music teacher. The story of Mlle. Sarvonne, the Countess of Sandpit Center, continues.

by

GEORGE AVERY

"Mis' Sarvonne, she was standing in the middle of the room, white's a sheet, Sorter simple things to give you a chill, you say? That's how you look at it. Thinks I. 'They was right, sayin' she'd got a husband somewheres,' and I turned sick picturin' the doctor's face when he'd come and find her gone.

" 'My good woman,' says the stranger in his queer soundin' English, but cool's you please, 'we're goin' to drive to Whetherby and take the evenin' express. Before we sail we shall let you know where to forward the trunks.'

"I looked at Mis' Sarvonne, but she stood starin' down at the carpet. You could have knocked me down with a feather, but I never lost my presence of mind. 'Here's the pictur',' says I. 'I presume you'll want it boxed up real careful if you're goin' to cross the ocean.'

"Well, that man, he looked hard at the pictur' for a moment, and then says he, strokin' his mustache, 'By all means, madam, have it packed with the greatest care. We'll hang it in the reception room to the castle,' says he, 'or perhaps among the family portraits in the oak gallery.' It was only when Mis' Sarvonne lifted her eyes suddin and looked at him, it came over me hot and prickly, he was makin' fun of me and the pictur'.

"Well, no one knows the pains the young folks had taken to get somethin' they thought would please Mis' Sarvonne. At first they was all for one of them new-fashioned Madonnas, but says I. 'No, she's marryin' into a deacon's family. I guess Faith clingin' to the Cross is new-fashioned enough for the doctor.' Well, there I stood, kinder limpsy and foolish, and wishin' I could sink through the floor, when Mis' Sarvonne giv' a little cry and threw her arm round my shoulder.

" 'Never mind,' says she. 'It's just that he's a furriner and don't understand.'

" 'But you're a furriner,' says I.

" 'Yes, but I've learnt your ways,' says she; 'I've learnt 'em, and I like 'em, and that's why I'm goin' to stay.'

" 'Stay?' says I, and you'd orter see the look that man give her.

" 'Yes,' says she, strokin' my hand sorter nervous. 'There was a moment I thought I'd got to go; seemed's wild horses was draggin' me. No one can't tell what your own folks and your own language means to you, after all; and we was friends, this gentleman and I, since we was children.' She looked at him kinder hungry,— she's dretful speakin' eyes,— and held out her hand, but he sorter pushed it away, and just then who should we see fillin' up the doorway, but the doctor.

"Them furrin languages, if they ain't the scrimpiest! Have to eke 'em out so with dumb show. That Frenchman, he didn't say a word, but all the same with his shoulders and his eyebrows and the palms of his hands he up and asked her if the doctor was the man she was goin' to marry, and she didn't do nothin' but narrow her eyelids and flutter her nostrils like a high-steppin' horse, and you could read plain's print she was answerin' back, 'Yes I be, and he's wuth two of you.'

"Well, the Frenchman, he made a low bow — this way, 'Wish you joy,' says he, and he laughed out in doctor's face. When he done that I thought Mis' Sarvonne'd fly into fifty pieces.

" 'I'll tell you everything,' says she. The Frenchman had slipped out quicker'n a flash, and I presume I'd orter left, but somehow I hadn't, and I never see the doctor so exasperating. He jest looked at her steddy and grave and says he, —

" 'You're all wore out. Wait till after the weddin',' says he.

"Mis' Sarvonne, she made a queer little sound, half-laughin', half-cryin', and caught the doctor's hand and kissed it. I presume he wished she would do them queer furrin tricks, but he never let on.

" 'No, now,' says she.

"Well, seems she'd been an opery singer and had lost her voice. Seems she was a countess. Seems her husband before he'd died had run through with her money and so she'd gone on the stage. Seems her own folks weren't no good neither for all they was a very high family,— and when she was a young girl in Paris, folks would warn their sons against marryin' into sech a family. Trouble, trouble, all her life, nothin' but trouble; but most of all she seemed to mind losin' her voice, and when that happened she just wanted to run away and die. It had come of a suddin' when she was singin' in the opery. 'They hissed,' says she; she clapped her hands over her ears. 'Oh, that hiss! I was beginnin' to forget, but when the baron come today and we got to talkin', it all come back to me. I'm so tired of sufferin'',' says she; 'all I ask now is quiet and peace. He wanted to marry me,' says she, 'and take me back to my own country.'

" 'You wanted to go?' says the doctor; it didn't sound like his voice at all.

"Well, Mis' Sarvonne, she jest kinder giv' a deep sigh like she was all tuckered out, and dropped her head down on the doctor's shoulder. Doctor, he giv' me one look.

"Where did they hang the pictur'? Why in their own room. Mis' Sarvonne — Mis' Smith I should say — says she sits more by it than any pictur' in the house. The baby favors her."

SPORTS

Along the Way

By Bob Rosenblatt, '43

We know that some people believe in "all" teams and others don't. However, be that as it may, we have been asked to select an all opposition team made up of members of the seven teams who played Hamilton this year. We consented to do the job, with one provision: namely, that we might include members of the Continental eleven.

During all of last week, we pestered almost every member of this year's Buff and Blue team concerning his own preference. We proceeded to mix vigorously and added our own opinions and here is what we wound up with — an all star team made up of players from the eight teams involved in Hamilton games this year.

First Team

LE Carman (Rochester)
LT Forsythe (Rochester)
LG Meader (Haverford)
C Julie (Hamilton)
RG Kayne (Union)
RT Maitland (Hobart)
RE Platt (Union)
QB Bagg (Hamilton)
LH Jannone (Hamilton)
RH Secrest (Rochester)
FB Enstice (Union)

Second Team

LE Kuhn (Hamilton)
LT Thomas (Rochester)
LG Williams (Hamilton)
C Trudel (Swarthmore)
RG Hoch (Hamilton)
RT Kelnar (Oberlin)
RE Adler (Swarthmore)
QB R. Secrest (Rochester)
LH Boteler (Haverford)
RH Magill (Haverford)
FB Jones (Haverford)

Third Team

LE Menegazzi (Rochester)
LT Hoe (Rochester)
LG Jordan (Haverford)
C Shongalla (Rochester)
RG Cole (Rochester)
RT Bristol (Hamilton)
RE Grier (Haverford)
QB Carroll (Union)
LH Dodd (Hamilton)
RH Clewell (Oberlin)
FB Kramer (Rochester)

Honorable Mention

Tackles—Griffith(Hamilton), Pinch(Haverford), Hill(Union)
Guards—Gair(Rochester), Hoffman(Union)
Centers — Sharpe (Union), Stuart (Haverford, Zimmerman(Oberlin)
Quarterbacks — Redmond(Hamilton), Pancoast(Haverford)
Halfbacks — Cowan(Hamilton), McFarland (R. P. I.), Siegal(Union)
Fullbacks—Emery(Hamilton), Lemke(R. P. I.), Hewitt(Oberlin)

First Court Game Here December 15

With their first game scheduled for December 15 against Arnold College of New Haven, Conn., the Buff and Blue court squad is trying to whip into shape. Coach Weber has 24 men, including several freshmen, working out for the squad. Captain Milt Jannone, the only returning regular, Marce Rotundo, and Ken Whiting are the returning lettermen around which Coach Weber will build his team.

The past week has been spent drilling on fundamentals. Passing and man to man defense have been specially stressed. If the squad progresses fast enough there may be a scrimmage this week, but Coach Weber is planning to work on fundamentals until everyone has them under control.

The basketball team has had difficulty in arranging a schedule due to transportation regulations. Originally twelve games were scheduled, but Hobart has recently dropped intercollegiate athletics for the duration, thereby reducing our schedule to eleven games.

The schedule: December 15, Arnold, home; December 18, R. P. I., home; January 8, Wesleyan, away; January 9, Trinity, away; January 19, Colgate, away; January 22, Hartwick, home; February 6, Union, home; February 12, Buffalo, away; February 13, Oberlin, away; February 19, Stevens Tech, home; February 27, Rochester, away.

R.M.F.

In the College Press

At St. Lawrence University, Dean's List men still have the privilege of unlimited cuts. Dean Speit recently addressed the students in assembly and congratulated Dean's List men. He stated that if an ideal relationship existed between student and professor, the eager and apt student would not want to be absent from any class. Dean Speit believes that the only way to learn the wise use of freedom is through the exercise of freedom and that better work will be done if the students are not under too many obligations.

Haverford College has inaugurated a new campus radio station WHAV, sponsored by the Radio Club. This set-up is Haverford's second venture in the radio field; its first radio station programs was inaugurated in 1927.

F.D.W.

Intramurals

The only excitement in Intramurals during the past week was furnished by a post season touch football game between Emerson Literary Society and Alpha Delta Phi. With but two minutes left to play, Joe Anderson threw a long running pass down the left side of the field to Bill Hypes. Hypes gathered the toss in over his right shoulder, cut sharply to the right and outran the E. L .S. secondary.

This play, covering about sixty yards, gave the Alpha Delts a 12-6 victory. The game was played on a slippery, muddy field, and the pigskin was hard to handle. The Alpha Delts drew first blood in the first period on a long runback of a punt. George Gilmore took Walt Graig's kick on the thirty yard line, and raced down the right sidelines. Just before he was touched, he tossed a lateral to Bill Love and, after running about ten yards, Love threw a long lateral to Hypes, who was all alone on the left side of the field.

The Lits bounced right back, and on the first play after the kickoff, Bob Fay threw a perfect pass down the middle to Pete Dodge, who slipped by the Alpha Delt secondary and scored. The score remained tied until the winning play in the final minutes of the game.

Bill Hypes, who developed into one of the finest ends in the league, was all over the field, starring both offensively and defensively. Bob Fay was off form during the early part of the game, but after that he regained his marksmanship and twice E. L. S. drove down close to the Alpha Delt goal, only to be repulsed.

The basketball league opening has been postponed until next week. The games will be played at night; and the leagues will be entirely different from the football leagues.

S.B.R.

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Music

Tillotson Presents First Organ Recital

The first in a series of four weekly organ recitals was presented in the Chapel on Sunday afternoon, November 22. The program, attended by forty members of the college community, was performed by Calvin Tillotson, '45.

Considering the decided limitations of the college organ, Tillotson gave a fine program. Perhaps the best playing of the afternoon came in the "Shepherd's Carol" by Guilmant, in which the organist revealed the richness that can be found on the swell manual.

Next week's program will be performed by Lee H. Bristol, Jr., '45, on Sunday afternoon at five o'clock. The college community is invited to attend. The program to be heard is as follows: Prelude and Fugue in E Minor (Bach); Von Himmel Hoch (Bach); Episcopal Postlude (Bristol); Arioso in the Ancient Style (Handel); Allegro from the "Water Music" (Handel); Ich Ruf' Zu Dir (Bach); Prelude to "Parsifal (Wagner); and the Prelude and Fugue in Bb Major (Bach).

Shute Convalescent

Mr. Berrian Shute, recenty stricken with a heart attack, is progressing unusually rapidly. Although his convalescence will last some time to come, it is believed that Prof. Shute may again undertake some teaching following midyear examinations.

L.H.B.

Church Accepts 36 New Members

The College Church recently welcomed 36 new men into membership, 33 of which are freshmen.

The new members are: William B. Seligmann, '43; Charles Vetter, Jr., '44; Gilbert F. Adams, '45; John K. Backus, Louis E. Baer, Charles G. Brink, C. Ben Brooks, Jr., Joseph J. Burgess, Jr., G. Robert Butrick, T. W. Clark, Roswell Daniels, Gordon Davenport, Donald Davis, Jack Davis, John R. Douglass, William W. Freisem, Donald Freudenberger, Rolf O. Hubbe, Paul R. Leadley, Edmund A. LeFevre, Robert I. Miller, David L. Parker, Jack G. Record, Paul H. Reid, William W. Sawin, Jr., Thompson W. Scoon, Robert L. Severence, Lee Shuford, John W. Sifton, Clyde Simpson, Karl F. Speitel, Ralph Stranburg, Jr., John Swartz, Gerald C. van Tilburg, Raymond W. Buecheler, David M. McNiven, '46.

J.E.M.T.

Rowley Elected Head Of Biology Club

At the last meeting of the Biology Club, Samuel D. Rowley, '43, was elected president, David S. Winter, '44, vice president, and M. Burdette Shaw, '43, secretary.

Four students gave informative talks in the evening's program. George M. Avery, '43, and David Winter, '44, spoke on malaria and its possible effects after the war. Kenneth W. Horne, '43, and Rowley discussed poliomyelitis or infantile paraylsis.

At the next meeting, December 4, club members will be shown biological movies.

J.E.M.

Bryn Mawr in conjunction with Princeton will sponsor a weekend of farm work. All proceeds will go to the upkeep of a summer farm camp for underprivileged children. —Skidmore News.

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Constructive Comment. Chapter I

While surveying the situation at Hamilton, in an effort to ameliorate certain conditions that are repulsive to us, we asked ourselves this question: What is the most important element in any college? After eliminating the campus, the class buildings, the dormitories, the athletic plant, and the administration, we decided it must be either the students or the faculty. But since the faculty might exist and do some useful work without a student body, whereas a student body without a faculty would be as lost as a school of fishes in an unknown sea, we decided that the most important element must be the faculty. With this ingredient of Hamilton College centered in our field of vision, we proceeded to give it a critical examination.

In jotting down some preliminary notes, we remembered a speech delivered by our president in a daily chapel last spring. It had to deal with that great evil of the large university known as "research-ism." We remembered the fulminations levied against the professor who hibernates in laboratory or reading room, advancing his own knowledge and prestige to the dire neglect of his pupils. We remembered the glowing tribute paid to the man of the small college who is a "true teacher" existing only to impart the gospel of his knowledge to the keen minds of the eager students. Then we looked intently at the faculty of Hamilton College.

We saw some men who are true teachers, men who are able and willing to indulge in enough "research-ism" every year to have something new to tell every new class, men who can put across the essence of their accumulated knowledge. We looked at them and felt proud of Hamilton. Then we looked at the great middle class, the men who occasionally prove themselves the true teachers we had hoped to find in this small college. These men are capable, but somehow they lack the fiber of ambition found in the first group. Still we were not discouraged. A little chaff is expected in every bushel of grain.

But then our eyes fell on a third group. We felt our pride draining off like sap from a wounded tree. We saw a group of men — not not large but not small — who, in our four years, at least, have never approached the ranks of the true teacher. We saw men hidebound by convention, as impervious to the new thought of a changing world as a tank is to the arrow of a savage. We saw men droning endlessly through notes yellowed with age, imparting their thoughts of past decades to students who try hard to escape the torture in the refuge of sleep. We saw others brandishing a confused array of essential and non-essential points, still others wandering for hours at a time away from the pith of their subjects on some matter of little concern. We saw men, thoroughly capable outside of class, hopelessly ill prepared and confounded when confronting their pupils. We saw a few whose personalities were as thorns in the side of their every pupil. We saw all this and wondered.

We wondered why we are plagued by this latter group of parasites. They contribute little to our education. They do little research of their own. Yet they are here. From all appearances they are unaware of or disinterested in their repute with the student body. If the quality of work done by their classes is poor, they inveigh against the lassitude of their pupils or become "good-fellows" by lowering the bars until everyone is able to get by. Despite the obvious failings of these men,, little interest has been shown in improving the situation. Student indignation, either in fear of reprisals or in lack of leadership, seldom rises above the underground stage. The parasites cling on. Their hosts are bled of all desire to learn.

To redress these grievances, we have three suggestions to offer: Since it is obviously impossible to alter faculty personnel during wartime, we suggest, as a substitute, that every teacher on the Hill undergo a self-imposed examination. None will find this difficult. He can take the quiz during class or even in the security of his home. If he's a little shocked at what he finds, he should try not to show his amazement. Rather he should quietly remedy his faults. His students will be quick to note the change. He will be quick to note the change in their attitude.

We reccommend secondly that someone outside the student body, preferably a member of the faculty or administrative staff, take an active interest in improving the present instruction here at Hamilton.

As a final recommendation, we suggest that an effort be begun immediately to obtain outstanding young men, now in the armed forces, for services as true teachers at Hamilton after the war.

These suggestions we offer without malice toward any individual or group, but merely in recognition of the obvious fact that, if Hamilton is to bear the standard against the Goliaths of education, she must bend every effort to prevent the decay of the front at home.

D.M.W.

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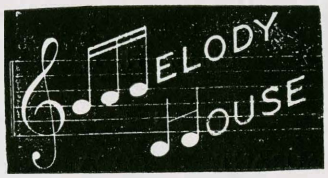

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